at the fire of Nicholson's strength and Nicholson's youth.

Where all the armies of Asia in bewildering succession cross and recross the stage, and where that one solitary sepoy, true to his salt, formed up behind that crushed despondent company of British refugees, and at his own word of command marched off to meet a glorious death.

Delhi Ridge, from which one views on the plain spread out beneath us the scene of Asia's most stirring dramas, where all the royalties of India assembled for the Aswamedha Sacrifice, to the fairy halls of the Great Moghul, where Aladdin's dream of jewels crystallised into real life.

Delhi Ridge, where the Ktab rises as a fairy finger, pointing ever to the halls where Prithiraj and Sunjogta loved, till near at our feet rises the low mound of the Durbar Amphitheatre, all that is now left of what was once a vast canvas city, vanished as a dream.

To how many men and women in India

to-day does the memory of the great meeting of the Durbar touch to the quick
either with joy or pain ? There are

always